

mostly lost in the Seventeenth Corps, on the 22d of July, and does not embrace the losses in the Cavalry Divisions of Garrard and McCook, which, however, were small for July. In all other respects the statement is absolutely correct. I am satisfied, however, that Surgeon Ford could not have been in possession of data sufficiently accurate to enable him to report the losses in actual battle of men who never saw the hospital. During the whole campaign I had rendered to me tri-monthly statements of "effective strength," from which I carefully eliminated the figures not essential for my conduct, so that at all times I knew the exact fighting strength of each corps, division, and brigade of the whole army, and also endeavored to bear in mind our losses both on the several fields of battle and by sickness, and well remember that I always estimated that during the month of July we had inflicted heavier loss on the enemy than we had sustained ourselves, and the above figures prove it conclusively. Before closing this chapter I must record one or two minor events that occurred about this time that may prove of interest.

On the 24th of July I received a dispatch from Inspector-General James A. Hardie, then on duty at the War Department in Washington, to the effect that Gen. Osterhaus and Alvan P. Hovey had been appointed major-generals.

Both of these had begun the campaign with us in command of divisions, but had gone to the rear—the former by reason of sickness, and the latter dissatisfied with Gen. Schofield and myself about the composition of his division of the Twenty-third Corps. Both were esteemed as first-class officers, who had gained special distinction in the Vicksburg campaign. But up to that time, when the newspapers announced daily promotions elsewhere, no prominent officers serving with me had been advanced a peg, and I felt hurt. I answered Hardie on the 25th in a dispatch which has been made public, closing with this language: "If the rear be the post of honor, then we had better all change front on Washington." To my amazement, in a few days I received from President Lincoln himself an answer, in which he caught me fairly. I have not preserved a copy of that dispatch, and suppose it was burned up in the Chicago fire; but it was characteristic of Mr. Lincoln, and was dated the 26th or 27th day of July, contained unequivocal expressions of respect for those who were fighting hard and unselfishly, offering us a full share of the honors and rewards of the war, and saying that, in the cases of Hovey and Osterhaus, he was influenced mainly by the recommendations of Gen. Grant and Sherman.

On the 27th I replied direct, apologizing somewhat for my message to Gen. Hardie, saying that I did not suppose such messages ever reached him personally, explaining that Gen. Grant's and Sherman's recommendations for Hovey and Osterhaus had been made when the events of the Vicksburg campaign were fresh with us, and that my dispatch of the 25th to Gen. Hardie had reflected chiefly the feelings of the officers then present with me before Atlanta.

The result of all this, however, was good, for another dispatch from Gen. Hardie, of the 28th, called on me to nominate eight colonels for promotion as Brigadier-Generals. I at once sent a circular note to the army commanders to nominate two colonels from the Army of the Ohio and three from each of the others, and the result was that on the 29th of July I telegraphed the names of Col. Wm. Gross, 36th Ind.; Col. Chas. C. Walcutt, 46th Ohio; Col. James W. Riley, 104th Ohio; Col. L. P. Bradley, 51st Ill.; Col. J. W. Sprague, 63d Ohio; Col. Joseph A. Cooper, 6th East Tenn.; Col. John T. Croxton, 4th Ky.; Col. Wm. W. Belknap, 15th Iowa. These were promptly appointed Brigadier-Generals, were already in command of brigades or divisions, and I doubt if eight promotions were ever made fairer or more honestly earned during the whole war.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

**CAPTURE OF ATLANTA—AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1864.**

The month of August opened hot and sultry, but our position before Atlanta was healthy, with ample supply of wood, water, and provisions. The troops had become habituated to the slow and steady progress of the siege; the skirmish-lines were held close up to the enemy, were covered by rifle-trenches or logs, and kept up a continuous clatter of musketry. The main lines were held farther back, adapted to the shape of the ground, with muskets loaded and stacked for instant use. The field-batteries were in select positions, covered by handsome parapets, and occasional shots from them gave life and animation to the scene. The men loitered about the trenches carelessly, or busied themselves in constructing ingenious butts out of the abundant timber, and seemed as snug, comfortable, and happy as though they were at home. Gen. Schofield was still on the extreme left, Thomas in the center, and Howard on the right. Two divisions of the Fourteenth Corps (Baird's and Jeff C. Davis's) were detached to the right rear, and held in reserve.

I thus awaited the effect of the cavalry movement against the railroad about Jonesboro, and had heard from Gen. Garrard that Stoneman had gone on to Macon. During that day (Aug. 1) Col. Brownlow, of a Tennessee cavalry regiment, came into Marietta from Gen. McCook, and reported that McCook's whole division had been

the railroad to the rear, on the theory that the force of cavalry which had defeated McCook would at once be on the railroad about Marietta. At the same time Garrard was ordered to occupy the trenches on our left, while Schofield's whole army moved to the extreme right, and extended the line toward East Point. Thomas was also ordered still further to thin out his lines, so as to set free the other division (Johnson's) of the Fourteenth Corps (Palmer's), which was moved to the extreme right rear, and held in reserve ready to make a bold push from that flank to secure a footing on the Macon Railroad at or below East Point.

These changes were effected during the 2d and 3d days of August, when Gen. McCook came in and reported the actual results of his cavalry expedition. He had crossed the Chattahoochee River below Campbellton, by his pontoon-bridge; had then marched rapidly across to the Macon Railroad at Lovejoy's Station, where he had reason to expect Gen. Stoneman; but, not hearing of him, he set to work, tore up two miles of track, burned two trains of cars, and cut away five miles of telegraph-wire. He also found the wagon-train belonging to the rebel army in Atlanta, burned 500 wagons, killed 800 mules, and captured 72 officers and 350 men. Finding his progress eastward, toward McDonough, barred by a superior force, he turned back to Newnan, where he found himself completely surrounded by infantry and cavalry. He had to drop his prisoners and fight his way out, losing about 600 men in killed and captured, and then returned with the remainder to his position at Turner's Ferry.

THIS WAS BAD ENOUGH, but not so bad as had been reported by Col. Brownlow. Meantime, rumors came that Gen. Stoneman was down about Macon, on the east bank of the Ocmulgee. On the 4th of August Col. Adams got to Marietta with his small brigade of 900 men belonging to Stoneman's cavalry, reporting, as usual, all the rest lost, and this was partially confirmed by a report which came to me all the way round by Gen. Grant's Headquarters before Richmond. A few days afterward Col. Capron also got in, with another small brigade perfectly demoralized, and confirmed the report that these two small brigades, himself standing with a reserve of 700 men, with which he surrendered to Col. Iversen. Thus another of my cavalry divisions was badly damaged, and out of the fragments we hastily reorganized three small divisions under Brig-Gens. Garrard, McCook, and Kilpatrick.

Stoneman had not obeyed his orders to attack the railroad first before going to Macon and Andersonville, but had crossed the Ocmulgee River high up near Covington, and had gone down that river on the east bank. He reached Clinton, and sent out detachments which struck the railroad leading from Macon to Savannah at Griswold Station, where they found and destroyed 17 locomotives and over a hundred cars; then went on and burned the bridge across the Oconee, and reunited the division before Macon. Stoneman shelled the town across the river, but could not cross over by the bridge, and returned to Clinton, where he found his retreat obstructed, as he supposed, by a superior force. There he became bewildered, and sacrificed himself for the safety of his command. He occupied the attention of his enemy by a small force of 700 men, giving Col. Adams and Capron leave, with their brigades, to cut their way back to me at Atlanta. The former reached us entire, but the latter was struck and scattered at some place farther north, and came in by detachments. Stoneman surrendered, and remained a prisoner until he was exchanged some time after, late in September, at Rough and Ready.

I now become satisfied that cavalry could not, or would not, make a sufficient lodgment on the railroad below Atlanta, and that nothing would suffice but for us to

LEAD IT WITH THE MAIN ARMY.

Therefore the most urgent efforts to that end were made, and to Schofield, on the right, was committed the charge of this special object. He had his own corps (the Twenty-third), composed of 11,075 infantry and 875 artillery, with McCook's broken division of cavalry, 754 men and horses. For this purpose I also placed the Fourteenth Corps (Palmer) under his orders. This corps numbered at the time 17,288 infantry and 826 artillery; but Gen. Palmer claimed to rank Gen. Schofield in the date of his commission as Major-General, and denied the latter's right to exercise command over him.

Gen. Palmer was a man of ability, but was not enterprising. His three divisions were compact and strong, well commanded, admirable on the defensive, but slow to move or to act on the offensive. His corps (the Fourteenth) had sustained up to that time fewer hard knocks than any other corps in the whole army, and I was anxious to give it a chance. I always expected to have a desperate fight to get possession of the Macon road, which was then the vital objective of the campaign. Its possession by us would, in my judgment, result in the capture of Atlanta, and give us the fruits of victory, although the destruction of Hood's army was the real object to be desired. Yet Atlanta was known as the "Gate City of the South," was full of foundries, arsenals, and machine-shops, and I knew that its capture would be

THE DEATH-KNELL OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

On the 4th of August I ordered Gen. Schofield to make a bold attack on the railroad anywhere about East Point, and ordered Gen. Palmer to report to

him for duty. He at once denied Gen. Schofield's right to command him, but after examining the dates of their respective commissions and hearing their arguments I wrote to Gen. Palmer:

Aug. 4; 10:45 a. m.

From the statements made by yourself and Gen. Schofield to-day, my decision is that he ranks you as a Major-General, being of the same date of present commission, by reason of his previous superior rank as Brigadier-General. The movements of to-morrow are so important that the orders of the superior on that flank must be regarded as military orders, and not in the nature of co-operation. I did hope that there would be no necessity of making this decision, but it is better for all parties interested that no question of rank should occur in actual battle. The Sandhew road, and the railroad if possible, must be gained to-morrow if it costs half your command. I regard the loss of time this afternoon as equal to the loss of 2,000 men.

I also communicated the substance of this to Gen. Thomas, to whose army Palmer's Corps belonged, who replied on the 5th:

I regret to hear that Palmer has taken the course he has, and I know that he intends to resign his resignation as soon as he can properly do so. I recommend that his application be granted.

And on the 5th I again wrote to Gen. Palmer, arguing the point with him, advising him, as a friend,

NOT TO RESIGN AT THIS CRISIS, lest his motives might be misconstrued, and because it might damage his future career in civil life; but, at the same time, I felt it my duty to say to him that the operations on that flank during the 4th and 5th had not been satisfactory, not imputing to him, however, any want of energy or skill, but insisting that "the events did not keep pace with my desires." Gen. Schofield had reported to me that night:

I am compelled to acknowledge that I have totally failed to make any aggressive movement with the Fourteenth Corps. I have ordered Gen. Johnson's Division to replace Gen. Hancock's this evening, and to-morrow to take my own troops (Twenty-third Corps) to the right, and try to recover what has been lost by two days' delay. The force may likely be too small.

I sanctioned the movement, and ordered two of Palmer's Divisions—Davis's and Baird's—to follow en echelon in support of Schofield, and summoned Gen. Palmer to meet me in person. He came on the 6th to my Headquarters and insisted on his resignation being accepted, for which formal act I referred him to Gen. Thomas. He then rode to Gen. Thomas's camp, where he made a written resignation of his office as commander of the Fourteenth Corps, and was granted the usual leave of absence to go to his home in Illinois, there to await further orders. Gen. Thomas recommended that the resignation be accepted; that Johnson, the Senior Division Commander of the Corps, should be ordered back to Nashville as Chief of Cavalry, and that Brig-Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, the next in order, should be promoted Major-General, and assigned to command the corps. These changes had to be referred to the President, in Washington, and were, in due time, approved and executed; and thenceforward I had no reason to complain of the slowness or inactivity of that splendid corps. It had been originally formed by Gen. George H. Thomas, had been commanded by him in person, and had imbibed somewhat his personal character, viz., steadiness, good order, and deliberation—nothing hasty or rash, but always safe, "slow and sure."

On Aug. 7 I

TELEGRAPHED TO GEN. HALLACK:

Have received to-day the dispatches of the Secretary of War and of Gen. Grant, which are very satisfactory. We keep hammering away all the time, and there is peace inside or outside of Atlanta. To-day Gen. Schofield got round the line which was assaulted yesterday by Gen. Kelly's Brigade, turned it and gained the ground where the rebels were, and got possession of all our dead and wounded. He continued to press on that flank, and brought on a noisy but not a bloody battle. He drove his men behind him, and they could not cover the railroad from Atlanta to East Point, and captured a good many of the skirmishers, who are of his best troops, for the militia bugle blows close to the right, but he prudently extended more to the right, but he pushed forward daily by parallel, and made the inside of Atlanta too hot to be endured. I have sent back to Chattanooga for 20,000 pounds of saltpetre, with which I intend to saturate any house in town. I am too impatient for a siege, and don't know but this is as good a place to fight it out on as farther inland. One thing is certain, whether we take the city or not, it will be a mad-up community when we are done with it.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Hudson makes a liberal offer to Invalid Ladies on page 6. Be sure and read it.

A Vigorous Protest.

**EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:** What is this country coming to, anyway? Are we degenerating into a race of cringing cowards? Or, on the contrary, are we becoming a nation like Spain to murder our citizens, cast them into prison without any plausible reason, and commit other indignities too numerous to mention. And we consider ourselves a brave and fearless people, proud of our badge in holy honor at the massacre of Christians in Turkey, where the situation is such as to make it almost impossible for us to render military aid, but when such outrages are perpetrated on offensive American citizens right at our doors, we tamely submit with seeming indifference, without hardly even a protest.

I would to God we had a few leaders like Washington and some others of the old patriots. I am thinking those that are so ready to offer indignities to our people would be more likely to consider the consequences before venturing too far, but with our cowardly, cringing policy, we need expect nothing else but an attitude of defiance and disdain by any nation that feels inclined that way. There is not another nation on the face of the earth that would tamely submit to humiliation with the complacency and indifference that we exhibit. No wonder we are the laughing stock of the world.—RALPH J. WHITE, Foundryville, Pa.

That Chinese Comrade.

**EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:** In THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE recently was an article under "The Grand Army" about the 15th U. S. and a Chinaman who has completed 30 years' service and was a G. A. R. button. It may be of interest to you to know that this Chinaman, Edward Day Cohoba, served in the 23d Mass. He enlisted Feb. 12, 1864, at the age of 18, and was discharged at the end of the war with the regiment. His name came from Capt. Edward Day, of the 1st Cohoba. Capt. Day brought him home from China when he was a little boy, and he was brought up in Gloucester, Mass. Named Edward Day from the Captain and Cohoba from the ship. I would like his present address.—WILL L. WELCH, Quartermaster and Treasurer, 23d Regiment Association, Boston, Mass.

## The Masked Batteries of Natural History.

A Life Study for The National Tribune.

Admiral Jones was a pale little woman to her husband, as she passed a cup of tea to him; "you have promised me over and over again that you would find a country house and place. You know that we will never raise the children in this hot, stuffy court. Why don't you look it up? Let's go out into Glenwood next Sunday afternoon and hunt about."

The listener laid back in his chair; he thoughtfully scratched the tablecloth with one thumb, while he slowly stirred the tea with his other hand. A chorus of "Do-o-o! do, papa!" rose from the concert of six children, who ranged all the way down from a pet girl of 15 to the baby. Admiral Jones then said he would, then, in a hub of agitation and anticipation, he finished his supper, and went down town for real estate bulletins.

Admiral Jones was the bookkeeper for Messrs. Blossom & Blossom, grocers, both wholesale and limited. He had rounded nearly 30 consecutive years of patient, honest service to the firm; had not missed a day in all this time of dutiful attendance and execution of his work in the office, and had never received any leave of absence, other than his regular annual vacation in "the dull time" of the year, to wit, August—just two weeks.

Admiral was a tall, spare man; loose jointed and round shouldered naturally; his red hair and whiskers, plain, homely face and clean shaven, broad upper lip were as regular in their showing in the Sunday-school Bible class as the appearance of that day itself. In the Church he did precisely what all good Presbyterians do, and in the office of the Messrs. Blossom & Blossom he did exactly what all good and thorough bookkeepers do. He moved with his personal uniformity of a perfect automaton, and



so had given no signs of wearing out. He was born in the city 56 years ago, and save little jaunts at long intervals, had never been out of it. He married Mrs. Jones in the usual way, and she was in the Bible class of his Sunday-school, and then fairly growing up with her into matrimony.

When four little Joneses had been duly born, christened and doctored as most children are, Mrs. Jones began to talk of the difficulty of raising a family in town; she wanted to take the babies out into green pastures and clear streams; she wanted real country milk and butter, and so she continually voiced her wishes. Admiral listened, as usual, quietly, never disputed the sense of her remarks, but only feared the shock of removal and denied the ways and means. However, the appearance of two more babies broke up his resolution of delay. Mrs. Jones triumphed, and Admiral promised her with a sigh that he would get into the country just as soon as a suitable house could be found and secured within the means at his command.

Accordingly Admiral bethought himself of the advantage which a well-worded advertisement might be to himself in the way of putting him into touch with just what he wanted. He stepped into the Star office and prepared a "house wanted" notice, and then went to the office of an old friend who handled real estate and houses, and laid his case before him.

"Yes, indeed, Baker knew of just what we ought to have," Ellen, said Admiral, as he returned, and found his wife inquiring eyes on his own. "I guess we will get out to-morrow afternoon, and inspect the premises. I told him that we were going out for keeps; to have a cow, chickens, and nice little garden, flower-beds, fruit trees, and all those things we have talked about, dear."

Great was the good-natured surprise of the Messrs. Blossom when Admiral asked them for the half-holiday and told of his use for the same. "Why, surely, old fellow," chuckled the senior partner; "nothing like it for a change; take time to look carefully, don't hurry."

Mrs. Jones and her husband alighted at the terminus of the street-car line, and found that the walk was not far to the property which friend Baker had steered them to.

## A Veteran's Voice

Gives High Praise to Hood's for Health.

Blood Purified—Strength Built up—Tobacco Habit Cured.

Many a veteran of the war, whose health was wrecked by wounds, exposure and privation, has found in Hood's Sarsaparilla just the tonic and blood reviving effects he needed.

"On account of the great benefit Hood's Sarsaparilla has been to me, I gladly write this, that others similarly afflicted may learn of the success of the medicine in my case and a positive cure for them. I had been

A Physical Wreck since 1864, and had also been a constant smoker for 25 years. I was advised to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I commenced to take it more to please her than anything else. One bottle after another was taken with increasing benefit. The effect was of a strengthening nature, toning up my whole system. After I had been taking the medicine a short time, I laid away my pipe and have not had any desire for the use of tobacco since. Hood's Sarsaparilla has thoroughly purified my blood and driven all poison out of my system. It has also done me

physically, and I feel like a new and free man. I am pleased to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier." J. R. McFadden, Ex-Commander News Post, No. 81, G. A. R., Dept. of Kansas, Brownsville, Wash.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** is The One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. Price, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5.

**Hood's Pills** not harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

to inspect. Up a hill, over a regulation board sidewalk, onto a five-acre lot, in which a "house with all the conveniences of a good home" was planned. It was a bright May afternoon, and all signs of an early Spring were on the ground and in the trees.

Admiral did not know much about these signs, but he did understand the house question; likewise, his wife. It was a square frame structure, well built, 10 rooms, two stories, with a queer, small cupola; painted olive-green, with red trimmings, and a tiled roof; after the fashion of all country homes, the well and a dismantled bucket was in evidence; the barn and several out-houses stood well enough in the rear.

The good man and wife took up with the place; they moved out bag and baggage just as everybody else does, and settled in the house with all those skirmishings which begin and finish such undertakings. Now, at this point our story really begins; we have followed Admiral from out into the country, where he eventually gets fairly housed with his brood. He dusts out the barn, and secures a cow, and a boy to milk and tend her; he gets an assortment of garden tools—spade, rake, lawn-mower, hoe, etc., hires a farmer to plow his garden plot, and the whole family pitch in to plant seeds and shrubs. Busy as a bee, and cheered by the wonderful novelty, Admiral felt as though he was on the right track at last.

In the clear sky of all this pleasure a cloud was coming which the happy Joneses did not observe until its awful shadow shut out their sunshine glow, and without a moment's warning, Admiral carried his order and system into everything he did. He always put the tools up in the barn, and locked the tool-room door in the back of his mind, and early in the morning, he usually made a bee-line for the same, unlocking the door, anyhow, so that the folks could get at the implements during the day.

That particular morning which forms the timepiece of this sketch was an uncommonly fine day. In the morning, Admiral and the little ones were all awake and stirring at the break of day. The minor Joneses seized their packages of firecrackers and torpedoes, and started out to blaze away in front of the house on the lawn, while their father hovered about, getting a hoe and putting in an hour or so in the garden. So, he strolled over to the barn, unlocked the tool-room door, and leisurely entered. As he did, he was surprised by the sight of a small black-and-white animal, that ran across the floor slowly away from him, where he stood on the door-sill. Panning a moment, the instinct to capture this pretty creature possessed him, and he quickly stepped in and closed the door behind him. Admiral looked then very sharply at the beast; the beast looked at him, and showed no sign of alarm. The more Admiral looked at it, the more he became pleased with the idea of capturing it, and thus adding another object of interest to his country home. It had such gleaming, soft, silky hair, and such a beautiful brush-like tail—like a feather duster; it looked so gentle and intelligent at him out of its wild black eyes.

Still, he was man enough to think of Mrs. Jones, and that possibly she might not want another pet; the cow, the chickens, the pigeons, the dog, and the cats were all on her mind now, as well as the children. "I'll send it to some one and let them have this little fellow," said Admiral to himself; thereupon he softly reopened the door, stepped out, and shut it tightly after him.

His story about the good wife's curiosity so promptly that she immediately finished her work, and hurried back to the barn, pausing a moment to instruct her how to follow and step in quickly as he opened the door, they entered. The animal showed no fear of them, only drawing off to the opposite side of the room. Mrs. Jones was soon eloquent in her desire to have the little creature kept, and she and while they were discussing what sort of a cage they would improvise to put it in, three or four of their children came tapping at the door. They wanted to know what was up.

"Let them in," Admiral, said Ellen; "they want to see what we've got—it won't hurt them." The door was opened, and the young Joneses stealthily slipped in, but alas! with them slipped in the house dog, close at their heels.

What followed words can but feebly describe. This dog, a small fox-terrier, made a single yelp and bound toward the new-found object of attention—then an explosion took place that beggared the stunning power of gun-cotton. The air was thickened instantly with horrible fumes that fairly shut off the breath of the amazed and stricken human witnesses. Choking and blind, Admiral managed to wrench open the door, and the whole family staggered out into the air, each and every one of them trying to speak, but utterly voiceless.

Admiral had received, with his family, an informal discharge from the batteries of a snark.

What did they do? They had to strip off most of their clothes, and bury them. That fearful odor hung heavy over their place and the immediate neighborhood for seven long days and nights; then it only died away because a storm of wind and rain pelted it away.

That 4th of July was celebrated with a vengeance by Admiral and his brood. It was a day of abject misery to him and all of his kind. The children refused to be comforted; the dog roared over the place, baring his nose in the earth at frequent intervals; even the chickens and the cow declined to eat.

When Admiral dressed for his regular trip to town the next morning he was unusually perturbed to get an extra dose of courage on his shirt and outer garments, said the Messrs. Blossom sniffed and sneezed many a time during the day, and several times expressed the idea that there was a queer smell somewhere. Finally, he found his associates all turning to him, with pained looks of silent inquiry. He could stand no longer. He made a clean breast of his misfortune, and he became the comical hero of the store instantly when it was confessed. Tears rolled down the cheeks of his associates as they laughed over his halting yet definite details. His employers followed the fun up by presenting him with a copy of the "Mamma," beautifully bound; this they presented to the blushing bookkeeper, with an affecting expression of their goodwill, together with the hope that he would study that chapter which related to *Mephitis* and then be sure that Mrs. Jones and the children thumbed those pages, too.

"I want to say, Ellen," remarked Admiral, several months after this particular trial, "that I am willing to admit that we did well in coming out here; but, nevertheless, had you or I ever mentioned any pretension of that dose we took in the tool-room, we never would have budged out from Arlington Court. Oh, bless my soul—why, I can smell and taste that horror yet!"

For Lovers of Flowers.

We know we will be thanked for bringing to the notice of our readers the offer of Miss C. H. Lippincott, 319 and 323 Sixth Street, South, Minneapolis, Minn., in our March 4th issue. Miss Lippincott is the pioneer and best woman of America and her varieties can be depended on as the hardest and most beautiful. For six cents in stamps and the addresses of two friends you will receive one packet each of Sweet Peas, Statuettes and Royal Snow Peas, Miss Lippincott's "Floriculture" (how to grow flowers from seed) and her complete and handsome catalogue.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M.—Eligibility to membership in the Grand Army of the Republic is based upon service during the period of the war; i. e., from April 12, 1861, to April 9, 1865. Service prior to the latter date to these dates does not entitle anyone to apply.

Mrs. A. M. Springfield, O.—A pension granted by a special act of Congress does not carry with it the right to draw a pension at a later date if the pensioner is not a citizen of the United States at the time of the act of Congress.



BREATHES THERE THE MAN, Breathes there the man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land?

After one has become interested in a subject, it is surprising to note how many times he comes upon it in his books and walks and talks. A new word appears to him; he wonders about it; looks it up and immediately it begins cropping out in all sorts of places; almost every paper or book that he takes up will have that hitherto unknown, unsuspected word in its pages.

It is so with this interest in Revolutionary times. We may have never given a thought to the matter since we left our school books, but we take it up and straightway all around us are glimpses of the Revolution.

One of our friends belongs to an old Quaker family, and has a stock of quaint tales that her grandmother told her children about the old Philadelphia, Robert Morris, and the Quaker who lent him money for the war. Another knows a "real daughter," whose father was in the field plunging when word came to turn his oxen loose, take up his musket and hurry to the town, for the British were marching toward Lexington.

These glimpses of the Revolution, tales that are not told in the histories, tales of brave deeds, of patient women, of a generous enemy, of friendliness, of cowardice, of romance of pretty maidens and swarming soldiers of anger and of sorrow and of gladness—these tales whose sum meant the great history of that time, but that have no room in the formal account of the great deeds and the momentous decisions—are tales full of human interest and of work towards the great end.

It is the task of the Daughters of the American Revolution to collect these accounts, to gather up and preserve the threads of the web of that glorious fabric so necessary then for a foundation for the glorious brocade of deeds that the soldiers and statesmen of that day wrought in the colors of freedom.

There has been much inquiry concerning the Daughters of the American Revolution, some from "original" daughters asking about pensions. There is no law granting pensions to children of Revolutionary soldiers. There is a pension for the widows, and there are a few others still on the list. There is, believe it or not, a law long ago, allowing certain money to the sons and daughters, but these were to be given only during their minority.

Another point to be remembered is that only direct descent is worthy in an application for membership to this Association. Collateral ancestry, no matter how patriotic and gallant, does not entitle one to membership in the Society.

It is a pity, sometimes, for a woman may be one of a notably patriotic family and of good Revolutionary stock, as in one case where the father sent nine sons to the war, but his 10th son was too young to follow his brothers to the field, and his grandchildren are not eligible to the Society, despite the brave deeds of nine warriors.

Flower Seeds Free—A Liberal Offer!

All of our readers who are interested in flowers, and have a place in which to cultivate them, should accept the liberal offer of S. H. Moore & Co., 23 City Hall Place, New York. We are going to send to our readers a packet of THE LADIES' WORLD, on trial six months for only 20 cents, and 300 varieties of choice Flower Seeds free with every subscription. See their advertisement on another page of this issue.

CIVIL SERVICE FRAUD.

It is useless for me to make any remarks about the way the Civil Service has been abused by President Cleveland. Every school child knows that a vast amount of fraud was practiced under it. It was made a fraud, like everything else connected with the Administration.—Wm. W. Whitten, 15th Ohio, Yellow Bud, O.

I bitterly denounce President Cleveland's policy for trying to get rid of the incoming Administration by putting the Pension Examining Surgeons under Civil Service. It appears to me many of these men deluged to incubate schemes, seemingly, to do injustice to those they call friends, but treat them as enemies, coffee-coolers, etc. But time sets all things right, and the protective arm of Comrade McKinley we expect to find a balm in Gilead and a physician there whose aim will not be to black-list the veterans who dedicated this country to freedom and redeemed a land without a servile, a slave, or a slave—S. M. Summerville, Co. K, 78th Pa., North Washington, Pa.

New York Ladies' Aid Society.

**EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:** The reports of New York Ladies' Aid Societies are all in the hands of the different Aids are a pleasant surprise. Some of the new Societies stand higher than the old ones. Since last Divisional Encampment four new Aids have been organized—Kingston, Albany, Gouverneur and Mount Vernon. The Aids assisted their Camps in the observance of Defenders' Day, and are preparing to assist the G. A. R. on the 28th of April. No Camp without an Aid, and the protective arm of Comrade McKinley cannot be formed. There is great need of patriotic action. New York Aids are making preparations to attend the Divisional Encampment next June.—Mrs. J. W. Morgan, Waverly, N. Y.

## A SELF-SUPPORTING WIDOW.

About a year ago my husband died and left me rather destitute circumstances. Just after our marriage his health failed, and for that reason he was unable to lay by for a rainy day. A friend of mine from Illinois called on me and how much money she was making by selling the Iron Dish Washer, and she showed me one. I could at least make a good living by doing the same. I wrote the Iron Dish Washer Co., Dept. E, 27, Sta. A, Pittsburg, Pa., for a sample. Since then I have been making a splendid living for my children and myself, and still attend to my household duties. Last month I cleared \$100.00, and am delighted with my success. The Dish Washer works like a charm, and the dishwater of washing dishes can be done in a few moments without soiling the hands a particle. Anyone who is willing to learn our business, they are true to sell. I would advise anyone out of employment to write for full particulars, as they started me in business and will do the same for others.

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